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A Melting Snowflake.

“O FEATHERY flake
Upon my window-sill
Why being take
To melt,—forever still?
Thy sisters born
But one short day before,
The eaves adorn
Above my study door.”
“Ah,” said the flake,
Upon my window-sill,
I being take
To do the Master's will.”
E. P. BURKE, '06.

The Martyr of Molokai.*

STEPHEN A. GAVIN.



AR out on the bosom of the Pacific slumbers the silent, the solitary land of Molokai, a land of sun and of shadow, a garden of tropic charm, yet a region of hopeless sorrow. The ocean, sublime in its grandeur elsewhere, there bears death upon its billows as it sobs the unending requiem of a stricken race. There indeed is a living tomb. Over its fertile valleys Death's legions have pitched their tents, and corruption claims its victims even before the grave has seized them; for there the fangs of leprosy, that most loathsome of all the ills to which mankind is heir, have struck and blighted what were otherwise one of the fairest and happiest peoples of the globe.

But all is not shadow on Molokai. If gloom is there, there also is glory. On that island a hero lived and suffered and died.

There for eighteen years was leprosy nursed by the strongest heart that ever burned with the desire of bettering humanity. There one of the noblest souls that ever answered the clear call of duty and self-sacrifice lived and labored and gained his crown. There amidst privations and dirt and sufferings, the most dauntless character of our age was years in dying, till at last in death, with leprosy as his winding-sheet, lay the courageous apostle, heroic martyr of Molokai—Father Damien.

Leprosy is not a plague peculiar to Molokai alone or to our own day. From the depths of ages down to these times, humanity has moaned under its stroke. It has thrived in opposition to all the efforts of earthly power to check it; it has festered beneath the pomp and magnificence of courts; it has had no regard for riches, and great and small alike have felt its degrading touch. Mankind from the days of Moses down has made the leper stand afar off and cry, “Unclean.” Driven from the sill of his own door, shunned and abandoned by his dearest friends, doomed to perpetual exile, he might not ask even the crumbs that fell from the tables of civilization and happiness. During the long roll of centuries the leper was left unattended, uncared for, to die where he would, while the world in its giddy round of pleasures took no notice of the wretch rotting away at its gates.

Of such a nature is the disease that has made of Molokai a sepulchre. But a worse affliction was resting there in the early sixties of the last century—the fouler leprosy of sin. Both soul and body from the depths of utter desperation cried aloud for care.

* Oratorical paper delivered at Indianapolis, where Mr. Gavin competed in the Indiana Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest on February 3, as the representative of Notre Dame.

Would no one turn a willing ear to these heart-rending appeals? Was the fire of human charity dead? Volunteers were called for. Would no one go to them? Yes, out of the ranks of apostolic hearts stepped one young missionary, and with the holy daring born of a divine mission offered himself for the work. No blast of trumpets, no throb of drums, no booming cannon was there to inspire his decision or commend his bravery, yet the deed was one of the sublimest acts of heroism that shall ever be recorded. By this single act, with his own hand, as one has said, Damien "shut to the doors of his own sepulchre."

Who was this young priest? He was a simple peasant boy, born and reared in the retirement of an obscure Belgian village. In his eighteenth year he felt called by Providence to a great mission, and feeling also that he could best carry it out in the religious state, he joined that great band of missionary souls whose work is the spread of the Christian gospel in heathen lands. In 1863 his brother, a priest of his own order, was bidden by his superiors to leave for a mission in the Pacific Islands. Sickness, however, prevented his going, and the younger brother came forward and offered himself in the other's stead. It was an occasion which Damien had long awaited. For years the sole thought which had dominated his mind, the one purpose that controlled all his other actions, was to give himself up entirely to this very work. Here at last was the opportunity. He was accepted; and with his fervent soul burning with the flame of high resolves, his sensitive heart responsive to the doleful appeals of his suffering fellow-man, and attentive to the farther, subtler call of the human soul in misery; with his whole spirit and all the energy he possessed, he struck out on a path of duty which led him to heights of glory never before clear to the vision of man. Alone he went forth and became, as one of his contemporaries has said, a self-prisoner in a leper colony—the one man in all the world who could be found equal to that supreme test of personal heroism. No medals glittered upon his breast, nor did he flaunt an emblazoned banner which might catch the world's eye and proclaim his intent. It was alone

the greatness and the fulness of his sacrifice that turned all eyes toward Molokai and its intrepid apostle, and caused the world to stand in undying admiration and worship before his immortal achievement.

When was there ever a hero who gave himself so completely to his cause? Others there are in whom his spirit lives; others who labor, it is true, in the same path of duty and heroism in the same land, but only through Damien has this become possible. He broke the ground that others till; he was the pioneer, and he opened the way at the cost of his life. Some may be found to say, well, after all, what did his sacrifice amount to? He gave up only the obscurity of a Dutch curateship and won in return deathless renown. Ah, yes, but was ever fame purchased at such a price? Think of life laid aside when it is most dear, its warm sunshine exchanged for the clammy darkness of the tomb; think of the labor, the dirt and the exhaustion; the danger, the hunger and the hardship; the long years of death before the spirit is free, and say if earthly glory can be recompense enough for all this? What men love it is his to despise; what they shrink from in horror he must embrace with joy to render, as he does, his deathless service to mankind.

So we find this peasant's son, the spirit of the Lord upon him, bearing strong, hardy and anointed hands to the aid of those diseased bodies and souls. It is moonlight on the lonely shore at Kalawao. The sea breaks softly there, while the island is at rest. In the faint light a small boat is seen approaching the shore; it grates upon the white sand of the beach, and Damien steps forth,—steps forth into his grave. But for him it is the promised land; and there in the moonlight, with God and his angels as witnesses, Damien plights troth with Death. O Molokai, Molokai, fair under the veil of darkness, thy saviour is come—the physician who will heal thy rottenness.

But oh, the foulness and decay which the rising sun was to show him! Who will say that his courageous heart felt no dreadful sinking, no torturing agony at the sight of the maimed, disfigured pieces of humanity that trooped before him on the first morning of his life in Molokai. In crowds they appeared from all directions, each newcomer

more horrible than the last. Small wonder, he must have thought, that there doomed, to hopeless degradation and perpetual banishment, they had surrendered their souls to deep and awful despair; that with hardly a shelter, lacking necessary clothing, and often in want of the bare necessities of life, crushed and hopeless under the burden of their appalling affliction, they had relapsed into a moral condition as depraved as their physical state was miserable, and lived in corruption within and without till the time came for each to yield up the ghost out of its hideous imprisonment.

What thoughts must have been Damien's in the bright dawn of day, when with the clear eyes of strong, clean manhood he looked upon that scene of awful pollution. Undaunted, however, he plunged boldly into his work; and as his first day so the second and the next, and so every day in his life of eighteen years on the island. Day after day came the ever-undiminished measure of labor and exhaustion; the same miserable companions; the round of the same wretched huts; the dressing of the same stumps and the binding of sores; the cheering and consoling of desolate hearts; the closing in death of bursted eyes; the making of coffins and the digging of graves. Ah! there was no one here to applaud; no hope was there of glory to cheer him on: the secret of his labor and love and sacrifice was known to no man but the dying and the dead.

Molokai prior to his coming had reeked in untold misery, poverty and filth; yet it needed but the sweeping tide of his heroic generosity and the daily, cheerful, untiring toil of this brave heart to destroy all those marks of former desolation, and build on the ruins of the old, a new Molokai, sad and distressful still, it is true, but Molokai reformed, bettered, purified and radiant in the light of a new hope.

Molokai had been ridden of much of her old distress, but awaiting her was a heavier cross. She must lose her only friend and father. For thirteen years buoyant and in the flush of health, Damien had fought on, himself untainted in the very face of corruption. His was the only clean body in the midst of foulness and infection, and its strength he matched day and night against Death, only at last to experience the common

doom of his people, and die in the clutches of the old enemy. He too must become a leper. Then for five long years he knew his body was yielding inch by inch to the ravages of the foul disease; he felt the dullness in his ears; the fog in his throat; he saw his skin grow knotted and wrinkled, and in his disfigured features he saw written his doom. For five interminable years he thus lay dying, till on the fifteenth of April, 1889, his worn heart was still; his poor shapeless body was freed from its pangs, and the earnest soul that had spent itself for Molokai was at peace. The martyr of Molokai had claimed his palm.

Damien was dead,—his death in life ended, his life in death begun. Leper forms waited about his dying bed; with the sad tears of parting, leper eyes were moist, and leper hands closed his drooping eyelids in the sleep of death. By a thousand leprous throats his requiem was sung, while leper arms bore him to the obscurity of a leper's grave.

O Damien, deathless hero of a dying race, martyr of Molokai, thy earthly work is done! In the land of thy labors thy bones are laid at rest; thy grave is Charity's highest monument. Before thy shrine while ages last, while the world shall love and honor self-sacrifice and virtue and truth, there shall ascend to thee the deathless praises of an uplifted race, while the story of thy life shall live, the inspiration of the present, the hope of the future. In the firmament of fame shall be no higher star than thine, which, when the tides of time have ebbed away, shall gleam on forever, radiant over the white sea of eternity.

The Unexpected.

EDWARD J. KENNY.

Business was dull that afternoon. To break the monotony, I decided to attend the races at Kenmare Park. I closed the office, and boarded a Niagara Avenue car which was then crowded with passengers. Judging from the nature of their conversation, the majority were also bound for the races.

At George Street two young ladies entered. One was passably fair, while the appearance of the other attracted the attention of every occupant of the car. Indeed I myself could not refrain from gazing on her; she was of a handsome figure, with ebony-black hair, her face calm and beautifully pale, her eye clear, and as she parted her lips with a smile, she displayed a magnificent set of teeth. In a word, she was endowed in an eminent degree with qualities that almost invariably characterize the queenly woman. Her impression is so ineffaceable on my memory that I can not help but quote, "She is the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

They seated themselves directly opposite; but to my great surprise and disappointment, commenced what seemed to be an animated conversation with their fingers. My heart was moved to sympathy. "What could such a handsome creature have done," I thought to myself, "that the Creator should deprive her of those priceless faculties." Apparently both were deaf and dumb.

In the seat behind them sat two young men whose attention was greatly engrossed in this "beauty." Their interest had waxed to such a degree that it spontaneously overflowed in sentiments of praise, to the intense delight of those within hearing. But the two girls were seemingly deaf to all external sounds.

"Say, kid," remarked one of the young men, "she's a hummer. She could have me if she could only talk."

"Well," replied his friend, "there is many a poor man that would be happy if he had a wife that couldn't talk, but I wouldn't want one that can't hear."

At this juncture the conductor came along; and as our heroine paid the fare, she said, in a musical voice, "Please, let us off at Heywood." As she spoke she glanced very coquettishly at her two admirers, her face mantled with heavenly blushes.

Veritably ashamed and frustrated, the two gallants made a sudden exit, dropped off the car, and with great urgency disappeared in the crowd.

Heywood is an institute for deaf-mutes. The two young ladies were going there to visit a friend, and were only practising the "signals."

The Making of Binks.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

Duncan, of the K & A, swore a mild oath as he listened to Bristol's words. Bristol, of the Central, calmly puffed at his cigar and eyed the big man in the chair.

"There's the car, Duncan," Bristol said, as he pointed to a baggage-car which a Central engine was shoving onto the 'Y' that connected the two roads. "We have orders to turn it over to you for delivery at Pueblo. If you won't take it—"

"Who says we won't?" snapped Duncan, as he jumped to his feet, and stood glaring down at him. "We are tied up by this cussed strike tighter than a screw-bolt, but that car's going to Pueblo, strike or no strike."

And Bristol, as he looked squarely at Duncan and noted the look of determination which shone in the other's black eyes, knew that the K & A official meant every word he said.

"All right, 'Dunc,'" said Bristol, with the easy familiarity of the railroader. "I knew you'd do it. And I guess you're able to solve the problem of how to get the bullion,"—Bristol almost whispered the word,—"*to Pueblo*. And say, Duncan, we'll return that engine to you to-day—the one we borrowed yesterday for use in our yards."

But Duncan was already at the phone ringing up Packard, the engine-despatcher; so Bristol withdrew.

The western division of the K & A was in the throes of a great strike. For five days not a wheel had turned, not a car of freight had moved; and the strikers had sworn to kill the first man who attempted to take an engine out of the round-house at Giddings, the western terminus of the road.

That they were deadly in earnest not even the most optimistic could doubt; for only the day before our story opens 'Scrap' Duggan, known on the K & A as the 'fighting engineer,' had been brutally assaulted by a mob of strikers who wished to maim or injure in some manner the only engineer in Giddings who had remained faithful to the road.

Superintendent Duncan knew all this; but he was determined that the bullion fresh from the mint at San Francisco should move, if he had to run the engine himself. Duncan was a fighter when thoroughly aroused, and he certainly was at fever heat now. He fumed and swore as he called and called Packard's office and received no response to his incessant ringing.

"Binks," he snapped, as his messenger came hustling into the private office, carrying a file of correspondence, "dig down to the round-house, and tell Packard that I want 39, Duggan's engine, made ready for a run, and sudden too. Hurry along!"

"But—" began Binks nervously, a frightened look appearing in his blue eyes and his red hair almost standing on end—Binks didn't relish the idea of facing a desperate mob of strikers.

"Shut up, and do as you're told," cried Duncan, "and if any striker molests you, he'll hear from me. Git!"

Binks 'got,' fairly flying out of the office.

"That bullion's going to move," grunted Duncan, as he lighted a cigar. Then he seated himself at his desk and quickly dashed off a message to head-quarters at Cartell. "Here, kid," he said, as he opened the door and handed the message to the office-boy, "get this off at once, and rush in the answer as soon as it is received."

The boy hurried into the telegraph office, and Duncan listened as the words of his message were sent over the wires.

"Jewell will tell me to go ahead," muttered Duncan, as he sank back into his chair and pulled upon his cigar. "He's all right, that fellow; and if he had his way this strike would end to-morrow."

Jewell's answer was short, but to the point.

"Move it," was all the message said; but Duncan understood, and nerved himself to face the task without flinching.

The door opened, and Jimmy Binks, his face pale and his teeth chattering with fear, stumbled in.

"Mr. Duncan," he began excitedly, "Packard's got steam up all right, but—but the strikers won't let him out of the round-house with 39. They've—"

"Won't, eh," interrupted the superinten-

dent, as he transferred a Smith & Wesson from the drawer of his desk to his hip-pocket. "We'll see about that."

Binks stared in speechless admiration at the stalwart form of the nervy official.

"Binks," said Duncan, in a tone that made the cold chills run up and down Jimmy's spinal column.

"Yes, sir."

"You'll find a mate to this pill-spiller in the middle drawer of my desk. Use it." Duncan clapped a hat on his head, and hurried out of the office.

And Binks: well, the middle drawer had a strange fascination for frightened, red-headed Jimmy Binks.

Packard, the engine-despatcher, was having considerable trouble with the angry crowd of strikers who surrounded engine 39.

"You'll not move that engine to-day, Packard," said Rollins, the leader. "If you try to do so, you'll taste cold lead."

Rollins' voice rang menacingly, and an ominous mutter came up from the ranks of the strikers.

"And you, Rollins," nervily cried Packard, as he grasped the throttle bar, "you'll get run over if you get in the way! I'm going out; clear the track!"

He threw back the lever, opened wide the throttle, and with a hiss of escaping steam and a grinding of her drivers, old 39 started to move. Three men climbed onto the gangway, and with cries of rage sprang at Packard.

"I'll brain the first man that touches me!" cried Packard, as he caught up a heavy wrench and swung it above his head. "Duncan gave orders to have this engine move—"

"And Duncan's going to see that she does move," came the sudden interruption, and Duncan himself swung onto the step at the side of the tender, and leaped into the cab. His revolver was in his right hand, and at sight of it the three strikers fell back toward the tender; for they had worked under Duncan and knew the reputation he bore as a fighting man.

"Get down out of here," Duncan ordered, his voice vibrating with passion. "Get out of this cab or—" Duncan's fingers played suggestively with the trigger of his revolver.

"Shut her off, Jim, until this bunch drops down."

Packard obeyed, and the big engine came to a stand-still a few feet from the door which the strikers had closed and barred a few moments before.

"Stay where you are, boys," cried Rollins, as he came up alongside the cab. "We'll soon fix Duncan."

"So it's you, is it, Rollins?" sneered Duncan, as he covered the leader. "Well, now, you order these rioters to make themselves scarce, or I'll blow you to kingdom come!"

"Two can play at that game, Gil Duncan," cried Rollins, his face distorted with rage. His hand stole to his hip pocket.

"Better keep that hand in front, Rollins," the official coolly advised. "If I see you making any suspicious moves I'll bore you, and bore you sudden!"

Rollins fell back with a cry of rage; and his followers without waiting for a command from their leader, dropped from the side of the tender to the ground.

"That's good," laughed Duncan, as he swung lightly to the ground, still keeping Rollins covered.

"Start her up, Packard," he signalled.

Duncan stood for a moment facing the angry crowd of strikers, who at one sign of fear in his countenance would have rent him to pieces. Then he backed slowly toward the door, slipped the bolt and flung it open, while the strikers looked on, awed and frightened by the sight of a revolver in the hands of a determined man.

"Now, Jim," said Duncan, with a wave of his hand to Packard, who stood with hand on the throttle, awaiting the signal. Then there was the sound of a terrible blow, a cry of pain, and the metallic ring of steel against steel.

The strikers set up a loud cry of triumph; and Duncan, fearing he knew not what, made one leap that carried him to the side of the engine. One look at Rollins' face triumphantly leering down at him from the window of the cab, and the sight of the heavy wrench which the leader of the strikers held in his right hand, told Duncan all: Rollins had first felled Packard with a blow from the heavy tool, and then so demolished the throttle and other more delicate mechanism of old 39 that the engine was practically

useless—at least would be until repaired.

Rollins swung down from the crippled locomotive, and stopped squarely in front of the superintendent.

"I guess you won't move any bullion to-day, eh, Duncan," he leered. Duncan started, and laughing harshly Rollins continued: "Ye didn't know that we had twigged your little game, did ye, Mister Superintendent. Well, your car of bullion will stay right where it is until the K and A knuckles down to us. Isn't that so boys?" turning to his companions in evil.

Duncan felt his rage rising as he heard the loud shout which greeted the speaker's question, and beheld Jimmie Packard standing up on the gangway, of the engine, his face covered with the blood which had flowed from the wound in his head.

"Rollins," said Duncan, striving to speak calmly, "I'll call you a liar before night. That car's going to move," and with these words the official went to Packard's side and half supported, half lifted the despatcher to the ground.

"You're all right, Jimmy," he said. "We'll make these hounds suffer for this. Can you walk?"

"Yes," Packard replied bravely. "But that cowardly cur—"

"Never mind him now, Jim," interrupted Duncan. "The thing to do now is to get you to a doctor."

Duncan led Packard away, while the strikers followed at a respectful distance, triumphantly gloating over their victory.

Five minutes later Duncan burst unceremoniously into Bristol's office. "Bristol," he began at once, "I want an engine. Can you loan me one for a few hours?"

"What for?"

"To move that bullion."

"Why don't you use the engine we returned to you to-day?"

Duncan's face slowly changed color. He gasped once, and then gave vent to an expletive that was the most forcible in his vocabulary.

"Bristol," he said, as he turned to leave, "I'm a d—n fool."

And Bristol, as he stared after Duncan's retreating figure was inclined to agree with the superintendent of the K & A.

Duncan, inwardly cursing himself for the

delay his negligence had caused, hurried back to the K & A offices. He remembered, now that it was recalled to his mind by what Bristol had said, that the Central had returned the engine which they had borrowed; and no doubt they had switched it over coupled to the bullion car. What a chance that had been! And his carelessness had lost him the opportunity. He ought to be discharged he told himself. Duncan turned and looked at the 'Y' where an hour before the car of bullion had stood. The 'Y' was empty! The car of bullion had disappeared.

Duncan gasped with astonishment. "Where in h—l is that car?" he cried.

"That's what I'd like to know," sounded a voice in his ear, and turning quickly, Duncan beheld Rollins with a disturbed and anxious look on his face. Duncan laughed in the striker's face, and then ran swiftly toward his office and rushed within.

"Where's that car?" he questioned, in a voice that made the one clerk who was in the office tremble.

"You, Grey; what's become of that car of bullion?"

"I don't know," faltered the clerk.

Duncan turned to the chief operator who had just entered carrying a message hot off the wires.

"Allen," he cried in despair, "tell me what's become of that car of bullion."

"Why," began Allen wonderingly, "don't you know? Here's a message from Jewell and another from Chetopa."

The superintendent read Jewell's message first.

"Rush that car of bullion," it said. "Must be in Pueblo to-morrow.—A. M. Jewell."

Duncan groaned, as he pictured the consternation he would create when he wired headquarters that the car had disappeared. He dropped into his chair and sat staring at the message.

"Chetopa wires about a special that flew through there at five-fifteen," began Allen.

Duncan, who had been bending over his desk, jumped excitedly to his feet, holding a white sheet of paper in his hand.

Allen repeated his words, wondering at the glow of pleasure which was flushing Duncan's face. Duncan looked up quickly at the operator's words, and then opened

the second message. And this is what stared him in the face: "Engine and baggage-car passed here at five-fifteen p. m. running without orders. Have wired Lotus to hold them.—Green, Opr."

Duncan slapped the message down on the desk.

"Allen," he almost shouted, "secure a right of way for that engine and car from Lotus to Rockland."

"But—" began Allen

"It's Binks!" cried Duncan. "Binks is on the engine in front of that car and he is doing what I failed to do."

Allen jumped to do his chief's bidding; and Duncan, his face wreathed in smiles, sat down at his desk and read again the single sheet of writing, and as he read he slapped his thigh and laughed aloud.

"I didn't take the revolver," it began, "but I took the car of bullion. Didn't have time to let you know. Thought the strikers might get wise if I did. Duggan will run the engine to Rockland. Hope I won't get fired for this." And the name signed to this startling epistle was "Binks."

A few minutes later Duncan met Rollins in the front of the depot. His face hardened as he stopped in front of the strike leader, and his hands itched to take hold of the cowardly cur. But he contented himself with saying five words which were hurled at the striker by a voice which trembled with mingled passion and triumph, and those words were, "Rollins, you are a liar."

And Rollins, coward that he was, did not dare to deny it, but turned on his heel and slunk away.

There is a new superintendent at Giddings. The change was made a month ago, Duncan was called to succeed Jewell at Rockland, and a tall, red-headed youngster was installed in Duncan's place. The new superintendent answers to the name of Jimmy Binks: officially, Superintendent James Binks.

"AMBITION of little things—of acquaintance with rich or fashionable people, of seeing one's name in the newspapers, of praise for what is ordinary or trivial, is a mark of petty minds and childish characters. It is no better than the vanity of a girl or a coxcomb."

Varsity Verse.

A VISION.

There's a murmur on the seashore
And a song upon the sea
And a dainty maiden's flitting
With grace across the lea—

Not an angel, not a fairy,
But a fisher maiden neat,
While the water faintly murmurs
As it ripples at her feet.

J. L. C.

HAPLESS GENIUS.

As meteors leave a trail of light,
Behind them cleaving heaven bare,
And hard resistance to their flight
Consumes them speeding through the air,
So hapless genius chafing 'gainst restraint
At last yields life with light, alas too faint.

W. A. B.

LIMERICKS.

There once was a boy, Johnnie Jones,
Who threw at a window some stones
At last came a crack.
In the pane? No, alack!
For the crack put a pain in John Jones.

There lived in the town of St. Croix
A mother and dear little boix
He fulfilled all her wishes,
Each day washed the dishes,
And gave his mamma so much joix.

J. F. S.

First Impressions.

JOSEPH T. LANTRY, '06.

The wind moaned and howled dismally outside my window. It was cold, bitter cold, that night and I pitied the wanderer who might be out. In my room there was such an air of warmth, as I sat before the open fire of pine fagots that I was soon lost in reverie—a common occurrence for a bachelor like me.

The wind with a gush and a howl more weird than before blew about the corner, shook the blinds on their loose supports, and passed on. The unusual sound caused me to start suddenly and turn toward the window, expectant of I know not what—I saw nothing. However, my sudden awakening made me slightly nervous. Again the

wind howled and the blinds shook. And as before I turned to the window. Still, I could see nothing in the dull black outside.

Rubbing my hands together to dispel the strange feeling of weirdness that had come over me, I arose and piled more fagots on the fire. Meanwhile the shadows danced fantastically about the room.

Unexpectedly there came a knock at the door, so faint at first that I did not reply. It was repeated more loudly, and in answer I cried: "Come in."

The door swung open and an old man entered. He was a strange sight. His long disheveled beard of snowy hair was bent almost to his breast. Stealthily from out of the shadow near the door he approached me.

"I've come to tell you about the matter," he said huskily.

"What?" I gasped, when I had partly gained my self-control.

"About the murder. You see, they think they'll catch me, but they won't. Ah, but I hacked the old brute's head. I had revenge, sweet revenge—and, man! You should have seen me hack the old brute's head. His eyes glistened—but it wasn't his gold—ah—yes, and I'll—

The sound of a footstep in the hallway caused him to stop and listen. With a murmured, "He won't catch me," he ran to the window. Before I had divined his intention he had raised the sash and leaped out into the darkness. A mocking laugh rose above the wind, and he was gone. Just then came another knock at my door, but this time it was a man in uniform who slipped in.

"Harkness," said I, "send out one of the guards after that old cuss before he attempts to scale the walls. And—lest I forget it—have bars put on my windows to-morrow, so that no one else can escape that way."

Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that I am superintendent of the Eastern Illinois Hospital for the insane. This escape on my first night in that capacity caused me great anxiety for several days. And now although I have had many more stirring adventures since, the events of that night are fixed most clearly in my mind, and serve to uphold my belief in the lasting quality of first impressions.

"They" Knew.

ROBERT BRACKEN.

"Will you hold my coat, Ruth?"

A very simple question surely, and nothing wonderfully strange about it, remembering that they were old friends and that he perhaps enjoyed a few more privileges than the common caller.

"No, Max, that is something that I never do and never will—"

"Here," he interrupted and handed her the coat. But she was not joking; she would not do it. Manlike he intended she should, but she would not, and it ended in his putting on the overcoat unaided.

Max Miller was a free and easy going sort of a fellow. He had never done anything in particular that he did not have to. It was not his fault that his father left him a large fortune and a fair amount of brains. Neither was it his fault that his mother had given him his good appearance and an amiable disposition. He was tall, dark and big—"big" is the only word that will do. He was big, not overdone, just big; possessed an agreeable smile, a clever conversation, and was all the words mean—"a real good fellow."

Miller had known Ruth Moscrip all his life, had gone to school with her, had remembered her all through college, and was now the same "old Max" as ever. People said that he would marry her, and "people" always know, and what "they" say must surely happen.

Christmas is Christmas no matter where one is; but Christmas in Oregon is different than in any place else. You can feel it before it comes, and the feeling remains after it has gone. It is in the air; you can not explain; it is there, and you are bound to feel it. Christmas down there is not one day and then work resumed on the next, but from Christmas Day until New Year's. It is in the air and you know it.

A dance is a dance any time, but the "Christmas dance" is the event which happens but once each year. The minute you entered the hall you could feel it again, that something in the air which moved people to their best and made them all

glad they were alive. "They" said "should a young man take a young lady three years in succession to the "Christmas dance," it was enough; they would be married before the next one came around. "They" said it and that settled it.

Max Miller had for the past three years taken Ruth Moscrip to the "Christmas dance." If he was going to be married he did not know it—not that he hated the idea, far from it, the idea suited him exactly; but it was not a matter of ideas, it was a question of facts; and generally getting what he wanted, for the first time he felt that he wanted something he was not going to get.

The night of the dance came,—everyone was there and everyone enjoyed it. Old men grew young, and young men appeared clever. Old ladies were girls again and young ones were at their best. It was the ninth dance, "The Dream of Heaven" waltz, Max was dancing with Ruth. "The Dream of Heaven" is bound to enter somewhere; it is bound to make a man think, even though he is not given to the habit.

"Ruth, do you know that I have an idea, a real one, something you said to me the other night about my coat. Do you want to hear it?" "Of course" she must hear it. The dance ended, and he would tell her when they were home. The "Home Sweet Home" ended it, and the "Christmas dance" was gone for another year.

They were standing in the hall by the large, old-fashioned grate fire. She had thrown something light and gauzy over her white, graceful shoulders, and the light from the slowly dying fire cast its rays on her face. Then it was that he told her; told her how he had always loved her, how he dared not tell her before for fear of losing her, how he wanted her and must have her. Without waiting for an answer, which was slow in coming, he picked up his overcoat and asked:

"Ruth, will you hold it now?"

She did, it was enough. "They" knew.

THE most useful man to society is he who neither curses bad nor idly prays for good fortune, but who proceeds with a resolute heart and a determined will to make his way to success.—*Cornelius Donavan, M. A.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—What makes a book truly great? Shall we say that it is the widespread popularity attendant upon its publication, or the acclaim of critics, which greets its appearance? Shall we say that its worth is gauged by the royalties paid the author, or the profitable sales of the publisher? No. Its base is builded neither on the shifting sands of public opinion; nor is its depths plumbed by a far-reaching line of sales weighted with the coin of commercialism. It is the powerful originality of a book that makes it great: the pioneer achievement which blazes great paths and opens long vistas of thought down which men are led to new discoveries and new light. Such a book is Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of which was quite recently commemorated in New York by a banquet, at which two hundred and fifty persons were present. Perhaps the doctrines expounded in "Progress and Poverty" will never receive anything like universal acceptance; but at any rate, it has performed a mission worthy of a great work, for it has made men think. It is a book with character; and character counts far more than success.

—The Kaiser is credited with entertaining a plan for an exchange of lecture service, whereby the University of Berlin will send

one of their professors to Harvard for the first semester of each year, the favor to be returned by the loan of a Harvard professor during the second semester. Evidently the marked success of Mr. James H. Hyde's *Franco-American Literary Alliance* has attracted the German ruler's notice. At all events, this step is characteristic of the energetic Hohenzollern. He recognizes the ultimate value of this new field of international relations. To repeat a threadbare aphorism "The pen is mightier than the sword." The pen of the historian, the philosopher and the man of letters is the controlling force in every walk of life. This novel extension of its influence into diplomatic affairs has in view a greater purpose than that of mere promotion of friendly inter-racial feelings. It sounds the keynote of modern advancement: that receptive spirit for assimilating what is best in spheres of activity other than our own. There is indeed much that Germany may learn from us, and a great deal that we may be taught by her.

—Now when Russia is involved in an ominous war with Japan and at the same time threatened with internal disruption, another appeal for greater privileges has come from Poland. The dominant note of this appeal, issuing from the oppressed nation, is "Let us have our own language once more." A nation is distinguished above all else by its language. We find, moreover, that the language peculiar to any country embodies the prominent characteristics of those who converse in it and read it. For example, we may differentiate English, German and French by indicating the predominant feature of the nation in which each language is generally employed. The United States is above all a commercial and manufacturing nation, and finds the English tongue the most convenient for its purpose. The philosophical nature of the German language betrays the characteristic of the nation which uses it. The French language, employed in all diplomatic and formal affairs, has been aptly dubbed the "polite language." Hence, there is a kind of racial feeling and patriotic emotion that leads a nation to cherish the language it

possesses, and it is not to be wondered at that Poland should at this opportune moment send forth a cry for permission to use their native tongue.

The fact that Rome, for years the greatest dominating power, allowed her tributaries to retain their native dialects may have to some extent destroyed her individuality, yet it was not rebellion but internal corruption and external invasion that overthrew the power of the Cæsars. Russia's policy has been exactly opposite. Her idea seemed to be that with the destruction of their language, the nation also was destroyed. In Finland, whose people possessed a literature long before Russia, we have an example of how severely this policy has been carried out by the Russian government. Yet this appeal from Poland seems to indicate that Russia's policy is false; that the racial feeling is imperishable; that the love of language is immortal and can not be destroyed by despotic power.

—The Senate recently convened to discuss and decide upon the statehood bill. What they did at that sitting is almost a puzzle to any ordinary man of affairs. Amendments, votes, reconsiderations and amendments upon amendments followed in quick succession. That these dignified senators would order a new state, combining Oklahoma and Indian Territory, was generally believed; but that they would go so far as to vote to give New Mexico similar privileges was never thought of. Such, however, was the case, and this despite the able efforts and diplomacy of Senator Beveridge of Indiana. The lower house will again have another opportunity to demonstrate its independence of the senate. Frequently before they have manifested their power to dissent from senatorial dictation, and it is the common opinion that they will refuse to ratify this bill. Another star may soon be added to the American flag to indicate that Oklahoma and Indiana Territory have been admitted to the Union as one state; but to say with any certainty when another for New Mexico will be attached to the bunting, is impossible. At present that territory is not deserving of the honor, and it seems proper that when it does enter the Union it shall be in combination with Arizona.



STEPHEN A. GAVIN.

The State Oratorical Contest.

On the evening of Feb. 3, Tomlinson Hall was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience who supported with song and cheer the representatives of the seven colleges that participated in the contest. Notre Dame's orator, Mr. Stephen A. Gavin, was the first speaker of the evening. As he appeared upon the stage there was a general round of applause, and the loyal band of Notre Dame supporters in the front seats sent up an inspiring "U. N. D." The subject of Mr. Gavin's oration was "The Martyr of Molokai." The audience followed him with close attention, as the heroic Father Damien lived and suffered and died before them. Many of the listeners, doubtless, had never before heard of the wonderful zeal and self-sacrifice shown by that devoted missionary, and one could not help thinking that the hearty and prolonged applause which followed Mr. Gavin's noble apostrophe to the leper priest was as much a tribute of veneration to the theme of the speaker's discourse as it was a recognition of the orator's merits. According to the markings of the judges, Mr. Gavin missed second place by but one-sixth of a point—the best showing yet made by a Notre

Dame representative in the Annual State Contest.

Mr. Gavin was born in Scranton, Pa., twenty-one years ago. It was there he made his early studies in the Sisters' school, and in 1902 he entered Holy Cross Seminary; he is a member of the present Freshman class. Mr. Gavin's success in oratory at Notre Dame is unprecedented. For years the Breen Gold Medal has been the rare prize of some upper classman; Mr. Gavin is the first Freshman to carry off that honor. He is possessed of a deep and pleasing voice, together with an excellent stage presence; his career as a public speaker, so auspiciously opened, will certainly be one of credit to himself and of good service to his fellows.

C. L. O'D.

Lectures by Dr. Spalding.

The first of our annual series of lectures, given by Dr. James Field Spalding, was on Bishop Fisher. This was a companion lecture to the one on Blessed Thomas More, which we had last year. Fellowship in suffering is the common tie which unites More and Fisher. More's name and fame have eclipsed that of Fisher, yet there are respects in which Fisher surpassed More. In scholarship, in literature and in university education, Bishop Fisher was one of the leaders of his age. For the first quarter of the sixteenth century, he was the chief figure at Cambridge University. He did much for the revival of learning at that ancient seat of culture and was directly instrumental in bringing there the great scholar, Erasmus. Fisher's life was severely simple. He was methodical in his charities and strict with his clergy, and, what is especially noteworthy, an able and tireless preacher in an age when "neglect of preaching was the greatest evil, and that from which all the others sprung."

For some time he was honored by King Henry VIII.; but he was no courtier, and the great ceremonial occasions were irksome to him. During the trying times of the divorce and the declaration of the supremacy, Fisher expressed himself with great apostolic firmness, retiring scholar and recluse as he was. From the outset he was the queen's

adviser and friend, and declared himself ready to prove that the marriage could not be dissolved by any power either human or divine. When requested to take the oath of supremacy he said: "I do absolutely refuse the oath." A packed jury found him guilty of treason and condemned him to death. More was sent to the tower the same day. The rest of the story of these two English martyrs is familiar to all.

Fisher's literary work in English is not extensive, and is mostly religious and controversial, yet to read him is a study in the history of language. He used the English tongue better than any divine before his time.

W. A. B.

* *

EDMUND SPENSER

On Monday Dr. Spalding took "Edmund Spenser" for the subject of his second lecture. He gave an account of the poet's relations with the politics of the time and the influence they had upon his literary work. He dwelt with some detail upon Spenser's life in Ireland, whither he went from London in 1580 as private secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and where, with the exception of a few short visits to England, he spent the remainder of his days. Dr. Spalding then gave a criticism of the poet's work, paying chief attention to "The Faery Queen," "The Shepherd's Calendar," and the "Epithalamion." The "Faery Queen" he said was allegorically a failure. The poet made the characters of the story portray now one person, now another, so that allegory was added to allegory and made the whole a hopeless confusion. The main points of the lecture were illustrated by apt quotations from the poet's work, which were both interesting and pleasing.

E. P. B.

* *

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The third lecture was on Sir Philip Sidney the man and the poet. Sidney is no such literary figure as Spenser, yet the personality of this gallant courtier, this flower of chivalry, his love story and the circumstances of his death, have endeared him to all readers of English history. His life was sketched interestingly by the lecturer.

The son of Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Lady Mary Dudley, he was

educated at Oxford and was introduced at Elizabeth's court in 1575 when he was twenty-one years old. He took part in the progress at Kenilworth, and there met Penelope Devereux, a child of twelve years, who later became the Stella of his sonnets. He travelled on the continent two years to learn the modern languages, visiting Paris and Vienna, but did not go to Rome. He sat in Parliament from 1581 to 1585 where he was appointed on committees to draft more stringent laws against the Catholics.

The extension of his religion was indeed a ruling motive of his life, and for this purpose he went to the Netherlands. There on the field of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586, he was mortally wounded. There by a single act of self-denial in giving to another wounded soldier his own cup of water with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," he immortalized his name in English history.

His first literary achievement was the *Arcadia*. This is a long-drawn, romantic poem with an affectation of the pastoral. He said of it himself that it delivered his own mind and head of many fancies begotten there. It followed in style the *Euphues* of Lilly, and is of interest to-day chiefly as an example of the style of that age, and as the forerunner of the eighteenth-century novel.

His *Defense of Poesy* is a defense of poetry by a poet; a plea for the imagination. The chief end of poetry is the inculcation of virtue, and for this purpose he maintains it is a better instrument than either history, which contains so much falsehood; or philosophy which is so largely a matter of definitions.

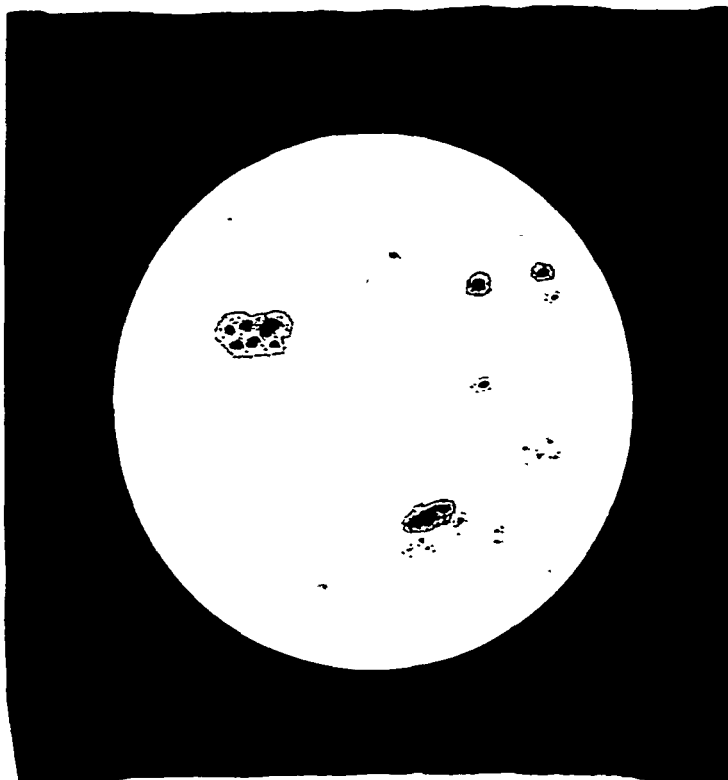
His gift was lyrical and is found mostly in his sonnets. On *Asphodel* and *Stella*, a series of one hundred and eight sonnets, his fame as a poet rests. They are superior to all that came before them in English. In *Sidney* we find the true beginning of the novel, the sonnet and of literary criticism in English. In character he was narrow and bigoted, yet chivalric and courteous.

It is needless to add that these three charming lectures by Dr. Spalding were highly appreciated by the students of English at Notre Dame.

W. A. B.

The Sun Spot Maximum of 1905.

The sun spot maximum occurs every eleven or twelve years, the last maximum being in '93-'94. On Feb 2, '05, Professor Cole of Chicago first observed this latest spot, and telegraphed the information to the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., where observations upon it were immediately commenced. In the cut the original spot is shown in the upper left-hand quarter of the disc, the other spots are also shown as seen on Feb. 6 through the glass at the Notre Dame observatory. The appearance of a sun spot is that of a dark central portion called the



Appearance of spots in an Inverting Telescope.
Feb. 6, 10:30 a. m.

umbra, surrounded by a less dark portion called the penumbra. The region of the sun near a spot is generally more or less disturbed. Formerly it was thought that the spots were depressions in the photosphere of the sun filled with gases and vapors which were cooler than the surrounding portions. Recent observations, however, have shown that this theory can not be maintained.

Astronomers now hold that many spots may be found not only in the photosphere, but at different elevations in the gaseous regions above. The sun rotates on its axis in about twenty-six days from east to west, so that the spots will in the course of a

few days disappear around the western limb. The duration of sun spots is variable, some lasting a few days only and others for two or three months, while in 1840-'41 a spot was visible for eighteen months. Spots within fifteen degrees of the sun's equator usually drift toward it, while those in higher latitudes drift from the solar equator. When a spot disappears, especially a large one, it does so by the surrounding gases advancing from all sides and covering the area where the spot occurred. No satisfactory theory seems to account for the periodicity of sun spots. H. R.

Athletic Notes.

Things have been going on merrily in the baseball world, and the effects of the practice indulged in during the past two weeks has already begun to show. The new system by which the men were introduced to their work by easy stages has proved its worth, and so far there have been no cases of "Charley-horse" or sore throwing arms which in previous years have been so numerous and annoying at this particular season. The squad has been reduced to twenty-two men, and from now on every day will see hard practice and more individual coaching than was possible with the larger squad. Every candidate should report daily for practice and do his utmost to profit by the coaching that is given. Faithful work is bound to tell in the end. All should co-operate with Captain O'Connor and Coach Arndt in order that the ball team which will represent the University in 1905 may be up to the Notre Dame standard and reflect credit upon itself.

Arndt, who has been engaged to coach the ball team, has a record that speaks for itself. In 1902 he played with Detroit and finished the season with Baltimore in the American League. In 1903 he was with Columbus, and in the following year played third base for Louisville in the American Association. It was here that Arndt made his finest record. In batting he led the league with an average of over 345 until October when illness caused him to fall off. However, he managed to finish the season with the fine total of 328. In fielding he reigned

supreme over the guardians of the hot corner and led the 3d basemen of the league with an average of 915. His fine record made many of the big league teams anxious to secure his services for the coming season, and among those from whom he received offers were Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Detroit. Cincinnati succeeded in getting his name on her list, and Arndt will report for practice in Jacksonville some time in March; until then Notre Dame will have the benefit of his coaching.

* *

The work of the baseball squad during the past week has been, on the whole, good. The five candidates for pitching honors are all doing fine work, especially O'Gorman and Burns, who probably will be the two that will fight it out for leading honors among the slab artists. McCarthy, Sheehan and Cook are doing the back-stop work, all are showing up well. Among the infielders, McNerny and O'Neill are showing good form, while Stopper, Kinney and Malloy are also doing fine work. Captain O'Connor is scooping up everything at first base, and with the other sets will furnish the nucleus for a good infield. The following men are working for the outfield: Fansler, Monahan, Evans, McLaughlin, Welsh, Gavigan and Murphy.

* *

The James boys have left the squad.

* *

Sam struck consternation into the hearts of the batters last Thursday morning by throwing his famous spitball. Three men fanned in succession before he let up. However, the catcher found it as hard to receive this freak ball as did the batter to hit it, and usually dropped the third strike.

* *

The much-heralded basket-ball game between the North and South side teams took place last Wednesday evening in the Carroll gymnasium. As was expected the teams proved to be very evenly matched, and although the men from the North side succeeded in winning out, it was only after the hardest kind of a struggle. The game was called promptly at 8 p. m., and Kemper started things going by caging a difficult

basket. Jamieson soon followed with one for his side, and the score was evened up. For fully five minutes the play was very fast and rough, no goal being scored until Kemper broke through the South side defense, and dribbling the ball the entire length of the floor threw a sensational basket which placed his team once more in the lead. Amid deafening cheers the game was again resumed. A foul was called on Silver, but Jamieson failed to cage the ball, and the game went merrily on. Just before the close of the half Dwan increased the Northsiders lead with another basket.

The second half found the Southsiders much weakened, and although they put up a plucky game they were not able to guard Kemper closely, and he secured four baskets in this half. Although Kennedy was closely guarded by Rennacker he succeeded in caging two field goals for his side. The half ended with goals by Draper and Donovan in quick succession. The final score was 14 to 10 in favor of the Northsiders. The features were the basket throwing of Kemper and Jamieson and the passing of Dwan and Rennacker. Following is the line-up:

| Northsiders | | Southsiders |
|-------------|-------|-------------|
| Dwan | R. G. | Kennedy |
| Rennacker | L. G. | Donovan |
| Silver | C. | Draper |
| Kemper | L. F. | C. McDonald |
| H. Kasper | R. F. | Jamieson |

Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes. Mascot for North side—Healy; for the South side, P. Beacom. Referee—Master Coontz. Umpires—John Perez and Dukey.

* *

By mistake the date for the Inter-hall meet which is being held to-day was set at February 14 in last week's edition of the SCHOLASTIC. We sincerely hope that no one will take this as an excuse for absenting himself from the meet this afternoon.

* *

Bobby Lynch, Captain of the ball team in 1902, has been engaged to coach the Northwestern team. Bobby's baseball ability and capacity for hard work should be a surety of his success at Evanston as it was in '02 at Notre Dame, when he turned out a championship team from a squad with only two veterans from the team of the preceding year.

J. F. S.

Personals.

—During the week Mr. N. J. Comerford, of Minooka, Illinois (student '82-'83), paid a visit to his sons George and John in St. Edward's Hall.

—The many friends of Mr. Henry P. Brannick of Minooka, Illinois (C. E. '90), will be pleased to learn that he is nearing the top rung in the railway postal service. He is now chief postal clerk on the Chicago West Liberty Division of the Rock Island Railroad.

—Thomas Cahill (Com. '03), we are pleased to state, has recently been appointed Assistant Manager of the Denver, Colorado, office of the Columbia Phonograph Co. Tom is still well remembered here by the boys, who wish him every success in his new office.

—Mr. Edward C. Smith, the first graduate in the short course in Electrical Engineering is now filling a responsible position at Harrisburg, Pa. He is employed by the Harrisburg Pipe and Pipe Bending Company to superintend the construction and operation of their large electrical plant which supplies the works with light and power. Both direct and alternating current machinery is used. He has nineteen assistants in his department. Mr. Smith was a careful, earnest student. He designed an ingenious telephone system and the switchboard in the power house when he was here. His friends at the University wish him continued success.

—Once more a member of the class of '04 has distinguished himself in fields outside of his *Alma Mater*. Mr. Byron V. Kanaley A. B. '04 was last week accorded an honor that seldom in the history of that institution has come to a first-year man at Harvard, for he is now President of the Debating Society. "Kan" is worthy in every respect and eminently qualified to fill the position to which he has been chosen. Notre Dame's debating team was twice successively piloted to victory by Mr. Kanaley. Byron seems to have a penchant for presidencies, having filled that position in his class at Notre Dame, as in like manner he is filling the office in the Harvard Debating Society, and also in the Catholic Young Men's Club. May we venture to assert that before many years there may be another still higher presidential chair waiting for Mr. Kanaley. *Quien sabe?* Who can tell?

Local Items.

—The debaters will please desist from telling us that there are spots on the sun. We know it, and we've seen them.

—Who would have thought that there were coons in a university like this? But there are. Call at Science Hall and see them. They are caged, so do not harm them.

—A meeting of the Ohio State Club will be held to-night at eight o'clock in the usual place. All members are kindly requested to be present, as business of importance will be transacted.

—Competency in the manly art is a very useful attainment. The truth of this is fully realized by the light weights of St. Edward's Hall. Some of these have already shown great dexterity in this pastime. Care is always taken to see that those indulging in the art are well matched.

—Pictures of the different classes for the last decade or more are displayed on the walls of the corridors of Sorin Hall. But the "photo" of one class is conspicuous by its absence. Several have been asking: "Where is the picture of the '04 class?" No one has yet seen it in that hall of fame.

—St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society is preparing an excellent programme to be given on March the 19th in honor of St. Joseph's Day. This active organization, is continuing to train its members for battle in the oratorical arena. The permanence of the society is assured, and the weekly meetings are full of the enthusiastic spirit.

—The Seniors had a stormy meeting the other evening to decide upon the weighty business of selecting a class pin and to make some arrangements for the cherry tree anniversary. During the course of the heated discussion Mr. V. sprang to his feet—and incidentally on half a dozen others'—and made a dramatic speech on "Compulsory Arbitration." The members of the class could not quite see the connection with the subject on hand, so Dr. Can Eddy was called in. After a careful diagnosis he said Mr. V. was suffering from an acute attack of enlarginensis of the coco due to riding on slow trains and reading the works of Pete Hanley. With many resolutions of sympathy for their 'long' friend the class adjourned.

—This winter has been an exceptional one for the little men of St. Edward's Hall, for never has a season been so satisfactory for the use of their toboggans. Almost every day and evening several of these sled-like vehicles may be seen shooting down the long slide, and bearing their occupants many hundred yards over the icy path. The nights are turned into day by the many electric

and arc-lights which illuminate the course of the toboggans. Nor are the Minims the only ones that enjoy the delightful sensations which accompany this downward ride. Frequently the members of the other halls—even "stately and dignified" Sorinites—are caught partaking once more of the sweet joys of childhood.

—To-night in the law-room of Sorin Hall a most important case will be begun in the Moot-Court presided over by Col. Wm. Hoynes. State vs. White is the first murder trial brought before the court in the last four years. The case in detail is highly interesting, and in addition the scene is placed in the immediate neighborhood at a spot with which all are familiar. The best talent of the law department has been engaged to plead the case. Messrs. E. J. Gruber and J. W. McInerney prosecuting on behalf of the state; and Messrs. H. J. McGlew and T. J. Welch acting for the defense. The opposing counsel have been actively preparing the case for trial, and give promise of an interesting legal contest. All the features of the regular murder trial as prescribed in criminal law will be closely adhered to. Every student who can possibly spare the time should attend this session of Moot-court; for there is assuredly much pleasure and profit to be derived from being present.

—The basket-ball fever has seized several of the Chicago Sorinites, and a movement is now on foot to organize two teams from the windy city, one representing the North and the other the South side. An intense rivalry in athletics has long existed between these two sections of the city, and the Chicagoans have brought it with them even to Notre Dame. There are many candidates for both of these teams, but the most promising are Draper, O'Connor, Jamieson, O'Neill, and McDonald for the South side, and Hill, Rennacker, Silver, Dwan and Kemper for the North side. At first blush the South end would seem to have the best of it; but their advantage in weight and strength will be more than offset by Kemper's well-known speed and endurance. He is a strong, heady player, and very shifty on his feet. The ability of the other candidates is of a high order, and there ought to be a close and spirited game that will settle once and for all this sectional supremacy in athletics. Both teams expect to go into practice and learn the fine points. Meanwhile Mr. Kemper, in order to insure thorough accuracy in the matter of rules, is delving into an ancient manuscript, the "codex athleticus," which was used as a 'rule book' in the early Roman games. As yet the date of the contest has not been fixed upon, but it will be announced in the near future.